

## SHADES AND COLORS.

A GLIMPSE AT THE NEW FALL DRESS GOODS.

Greens and Drabs—Brocades of Silk and Wool—A Gown of Moss Green Camel's Hair—No Diminution in the Width of Shoulders.

(Special Correspondence.)  
NEW YORK, July 26.—The sample cards that are very jealously guarded show among the new colors for fall dress goods some very harmonious shades and colors in plain material and pleasing combinations in figures and plaids and also woolen brocades. The greens appear to be more numerous than any other one color, and they are marked by soft russet tints hidden away somewhere in the texture and giving but a hint of their presence. Quaker drab is seen in several shades, and these bid fair to become very popular. Drab will take any kind of trimming. It has the peculiar quality of showing up the trimming so that very little suffices, and much trimming would overload it. Cloth, a new dead fine serge, camel's hair and silk in the soft lusterless



NEWEST STYLES IN STREET ATTIRE.

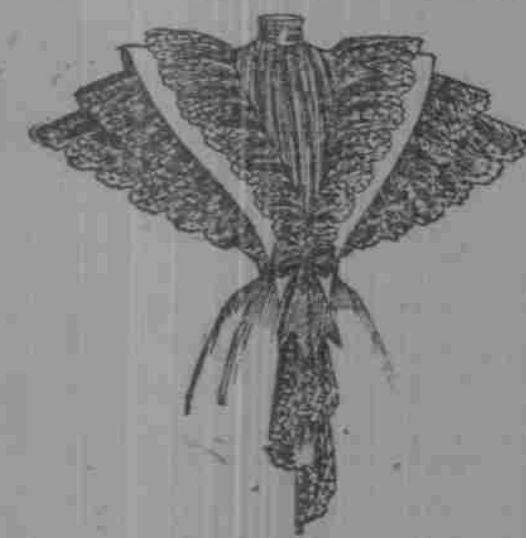
were are the principal fabrics in drab. Mouse beaver and undyed seal are also new colors, but they are a little somewhat of the drab shades, though lacking the purplish tint in the Quaker drab.

Novelty goods in brocades of silk and wool, mostly in Persian patterns, will be used quite extensively, particularly for trimmings and corsages. The most refined taste would suggest a sparing use of such material. Many of the drab materials will be made with no trimming other than folds, stitching and drapery. One very ladylike tailor gown of drab ladies' cloth had a peculiar arrangement on the skirt, three deep side plaits being let in the front under pocket straps of biscuit cloth, fastened with oxidized buttons. The belt and collar were arranged in the same manner. The waist was laid in similar plaits, and the sleeves were laid in plaits so that they fell in a looped puff on the outer side of the arm. About the whole dress there was not one point of color, but it made a dressy toilet.

A gown made of moss green camel's hair, with a russet bloom, was made with five plaits on the right side of the skirt, in form of a panel, and on the left side the skirt was slightly lifted under a jet ornament. The sleeves were large balloon puffs, made by gathering the goods very full under a narrow line of jet trimming. The front of the waist was a full plaited vest of chameleon silk, red, green and ivory. There were still brocades made of lace over foundation and edged with handsome passementerie and ending with large jet ornaments.

Jet in every conceivable form and kind of device will be most lavishly employed as garniture for everything where it can possibly be put on all fall and winter costumes.

There is no diminution in the width of the shoulders. There are some few ladies who do not like such wide effects, but the fashion remains the same. Some of the new models are almost ridiculous, but there may be modifications later on. A pretty fancy shown me yesterday is a black lace bertha which can be applied to any dress, providing the satin is of a proper color. This consists of a pair of bretelles of black Spanish lace, which falls over a plain stiff bretelle of mauve satin. Below this are two lace falls which take the place of caps to the sleeves, and in front the lace falls below the waist in a jabot from beneath a bow of black ribbon. In the back it reaches to a point at the waist line. This is made postiche and thus can be worn over any waist, and it would transform an old fashioned cor-



MOVABLE BRETTELLS.

sage into the height of style. One could be made of waite or cream lace and worn over light colored gowns.

Crepons will be worn through all the fall and very likely for dressy home wear during the coming winter. There are a few most charming Japanese crapes, such as have been heretofore considered too choice to send out of that country. They are painted by hand in the creases, so that as the material is moved it shows sometimes three different colors.

OLIVE HARPER.

## 'MANDY JANE PENSTOCK.

A Tale of Love and Love Charms in the Pennsylvania Hemlock Belt.

One time when I was up in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt I was going from Overman's Hook to the Barley Run Cross Forks when I heard some one whistle off to one side of the road. Looking in that direction I saw a man peering cautiously from behind a big hemlock tree. He motioned for me to stop, and I did.

"Ye hain't color blind, be ye?" I wasn't.

"Then a woman in a red caliker dress an a green sunbonnet wouldn't be liable to look to you like one in a yellor dress an a blue sunbonnet, would she?"

She wouldn't.

"Tha hain't no raisin o' dust nowhere that looks as if it most be riz by a woman in a red caliker dress an a green sunbonnet comin this way poaty fast, is tha?"

The road was entirely free from anything of that sort.

"Ye hain't no ways nighsighted, be ye?" Quite the contrary.

"Then if tha was a raisin o' dust such as that not more'n 100 yards down the road, ye wouldn't be liable to take it for a hay-stack a miled away, would ye?"

Entirely out of the question.

"Cause ye see I'm a little anxious," he said, "fer if ye'd a-seen a woman with a red caliker dress an a green sunbonnet comin or a raisin o' dust that looked as if it most be riz by a woman with a red caliker dress an a green sunbonnet that'd a-ben 'Mandy Jane Penstock, an I'd a-had to take to the woods."

"What's the matter with 'Mandy Jane'?" I asked.

The man mopped his face with his sleeve and fanned himself with his hat and said:

"Did ye ever have a hanker for a gal that didn't seem to keer to hanker fer ye?"

I didn't know that I ever had.

"Jis' keepr ye eyes on the road, cap," said the man, "an if ye see any of them signs of 'Mandy Jane, jis' whistle, will ye?"

I said I would.

"Then I'll tell ye sumpin. If every take a shine to a gal an she won't hanker, take a hoot owl's gizzard, dry it an grind it inter a powder. Then, unbeknownst to the gal, git some of it in her lemonade or sumpin fer she drinks it, an ye're jist as good as made four shillin for the squire, fer she can't never say 'No ag'in when ye ast her if she'll be ye'n."

The hain't no red an green loomin up yit twixt ye an the horizon, nor no shakin of dust that most have red an green inside of it, is tha?"

"No."

"If ye'd ever know'd Sallie Magompers, over to the Hook, ye'd a hanker'd. I'll bet ye."

I took to hankerin for Sallie more'n a year ago, but tha didn't seem to be no use.

Sallie's jist turnin 20, now, and mebbe she hain't a caution for postiches. Picur's hain't no worse'n 'loggers'. But some how she's jist the sky o' me. So one day I says to myself: 'All right, my lady! If it's got to be left to hoot owls, I says, 'Hoot owls it'll be,' and I went agunnin for hoot owls.

But hoot owls hain't so dern thick in these here woods, and I found and I ginned for poaty nigh a year 'fore I draw'd bead on one, an yon bet I was rootin tickled when I tumbled him offen his roost!

"Gals that kin hanker an won't hanker must be made to hanker!" I says, an I hung the hoot owl's gizzard up to dry.

"One o' these days, when I hear that 'Mandy Jane Penstock has passed over Jordan, I'm goin back to the Hook an jist as like as not thump the life outen Sam Brazee. Sam an me worked on the same loggin job, an after I bugged the owl I says to him one day:

"Sam, I says, 'me an you won't bunk in together much longer, I says.

"'How's that?' says Sam."

"'I'm gointer marry Sallie Magompers next week,' I says.

"'No!' says Sam. 'Sallie's give in, has she?'

"'Not yit,' I says, 'but she's gointer. I've powder'd hoot owl's gizzard, I says. Jis' shoot yer eye down the road ag'in, cap. If tha's anything mussin of it up that most put ye in mind o' the inklin I've give ye o' 'Mandy Jane, gimme the wink, an I'll scout.'

The road was still clear.

"Sam looked a-pity'd a little when I told him 'bout havin the owl's gizzard love powder, an poaty soon he says:

"'Well,' he says, 'I'm gointer take Sallie to the picnic to-morrow, an I's pose that it'll be the last time I kin gallivant her anywhere, 'cordin to that,' he says.

"'That's what it will, Sam,' I says.

"'Mandy Jane Penstock most a-ben a stunner when she was a gal, fer all I know, but I don't jis' remember when that was. She'll hef to think back a good ways if she remembers it herself. But, leavin out hunc an siner an a poaty sharp nose, 'Mandy Jane, don't cut much of a figger nowadays. She's consid'able sot in her ways, though, an when she has sumpin on her mind that she's gointer to do she's gointer to do it, or things will rumble.

"'Sam Brazee he took Sallie to the picnic, an I was there with my hoot owl's gizzard all ready. Sallie kitted considerable to Sam, an he made me squint to see her. I tell ye, but I says to myself, 'All right, my lady, I says. 'But wait till the hoot owl sings to ye,' I says. Bimeby I says to Sam:

"'Come over an I'll treat ye,' I says. 'Come git some lemonade,' I says.

"'An they come along, an I brought the lemonade, an when Sallie wasn't lookin I tumbled the owl's gizzard love powder inter her glass.

"'Oh,' she says. 'Yonder's 'Mandy Jane Penstock,' she says. 'Mandy must have a treat, too,' she says.

"'So she calls 'Mandy Jane over, an I orders a glass fer her. Now see what Sallie does. She hands the glass that had the owl's gizzard in it over to 'Mandy Jane an took t'other one herself, an 'fore I could stop her 'Mandy Jane had gulped it down, love powder an all! You're sure ye hain't color blind, cap?"

"Soon as I see 'Mandy Jane gulp that lemonade an owl's gizzard I give one cold shake an started fer home to pack my trunk. This was only yesterday. When I came out ag'in, there was 'Mandy Jane."

"'Asa,' says she, 'arter all these years,' she says, 'an to think that you'n to be the one,' she says. 'I'll be ready to-morrow,' she says, 'an me an you'll go to the squire's. Tomorrow at half past 9!' she says.

"'Say, cap, I tumbled back in the house an slammed the door an went up stairs an hid under the bed. Early this mornin I crawled out an snuck outen the house an jis' laid myself out an tug fer liberty. As I raised the hill I turned as looked back. There was 'Mandy Jane comin on my trail like the woods afore. She's comin yit. She's only stopped fer wind. Has she yive in aligh yit?"

"'Not yet.'

"'Then I'll take to the woods an mebbe won't see no t'backer fer a month, cap, unless you gimme that plug o' yorn.' An when 'Mandy Jane ketches up with ye if ye'll only jis' tell her!"

"But I hain't time to wait to hear what I was to tell 'Mandy Jane and drove on toward Barley Run Cross Forks.—New York Sun.



OUT DOOR DRESSES.

## FEMININITIES.

Lewis Schiller, of Allentown, Pa., is the father of twenty children, seventeen of whom are living.

A little girl was punished for doing wrong, when she said: "Oh, those commandments do break awfully easy!"

You can always tell the novice in love-making when he asks for "just one kiss." As though such a thing ever existed!

Grace—You asked me to marry you. Can you not read your answer in my face? Ned, cruelly—Yes; it is very plain.

Girls who contemplate purchasing a bicycle would do well to harden their muscles in advance by running their mother's sewing machine or rocking the baby.

When you see a young man and woman walking down the street, leaning on each other like a pair of badly-matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation.

There is a woman in San Francisco who makes a business of hunting up missing heirs to estates. She travels all over the country and has been very successful deriving it, it is said, a handsome income from her peculiar occupation.

"Brownstone has cured his wife of everlasting talking." "How, for goodness sake?" He told her that she looked prettier with her mouth closed, and now she can hardly be induced to utter a syllable.

## Tolstoi on Ibsen.

Blumenthal, the great theater manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoi replied; "he just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

## Savages and Iron.

The Baluban tribe of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting their forging iron. They construct tall cylindrical conical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.

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Pittsburg, G. A. R. Arrangements. The Rock Island comes to the front as usual with very low rates to the Grand Army National Encampment at Pittsburg, Pa. The round trip rate in the Central Traffic association's territory is only one cent per mile, or \$10.00 from Chicago and \$20.00 from the Missouri river; add one fare from points in Kansas to arrive at through rate. Tickets will be sold September 7th and 8th, good to return any day up to and including September 25th, 1894. No signing, stamping, depositing or other needless work required at Pittsburg; when the ticket is purchased everything is settled. These tickets are good to stop off once on the return at any point east of Chicago within the final limit of ticket.

Through cars of every class will be run from Kansas points to Pittsburg. It should be borne in mind that the Rock Island has never fallen down on this class of business and never allows any line to approach it in the generous treatment of the old vets and their friends.

Call on or write the Rock Island agents for particulars.

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A Good Place to Cool Off.

Come out to the cold storage rooms of the Moerer Ice Co. one of these hot days and get cool.

## Catching Conceits.

A secret is no longer a secret when you have confided it to your confidential friend.—Somerville Journal.

Be polite to everybody. There's no telling when you may have something to sell.—Arlington Globe.

"Let yoh aims be high," said Uncle Eben, "but don't forget dat dnh am moh practical returns I'm a good job ob white-washin' dan dey is f'm a bad job ob lat-scaps printin'."—Washington Star.

If a man has an income of over \$125 a month, the newspapers say he is "wedged."—Arlington Globe.

There are signs of growing enlightenment in the suburbs. One man said to another in a Harlem suburban train the other day, "Any marks of improvement at your place?" "No," replied the other.

"I see no marks of improvement, but there are plenty of houses going up."—New York Sun.

A Kansas man who lost 500 chickens that were aboard one of the stolen trains has secured suit in the United States courts for the value of them. He wants to recoup, so to speak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It seems to have developed that if enough men get together they can get anything they want for nothing.—Arlington Globe.

Doctor—Did you apply a mustard plaster to your chest?—Yes, Doctor.—Didn't you find it a great help? Patient—No, I felt that it was a great drawback.—Medical News.

Some pessimists may still contend that marriage is a failure, but in the bright lexicon of the operatic prima donna there is no such word as fail.—Baltimore American.

It is a great deal easier to believe the returned angler's story when he sends you round a goodly portion of the fish.—Somerville Journal.

An animal dealer says that the giraffe is no difficult to obtain and acclimatize for menagerie purposes. That the giraffe now fails as low as \$6,000. The giraffe comes high.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the latest spring openings are the series of earthquakes predicted by weather prophets.—Baltimore American.

Among the Chinese who have registered under the Geary act in Jacksonville, Fla., is one named Yung Hyson. It suits him to a tea, as he is in that business.—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a bride has been married about three weeks, she begins to send home for the old clothes she refused to take with her.—Arlington Globe.

Brother Talmage has resigned once and been fired out three times, but he's there yet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The life of a dress suit is about 10 years if the young man is careful of it and does not lend it to any one fatter than he is. A girl has to get a new party dress every season or look like a last year's bird's nest.—Arlington Globe.

A Methodist preacher has been appointed a whiskey ganger at Peoria, probably on the ground that to the pure all things are pure.—Chicago Times.

Jillson says it is lucky for some men that the law against suicide doesn't provide a penalty for shooting off one's mouth.—Buffalo Courier.

The ball player is always anxious for a change of base.—Philadelphia Record.

Once there was a newspaper man who did not think that some day he should write a novel. This is confidently offered in competition for the prize offered for the biggest lie.—Somerville Journal.

So far as we ever heard, no great man ever wore a badge at a convention.—Arlington Globe.

Book Agent (entering the sanctum)—I have a little work here which—"Excuse me," interrupted the scribe, "but I have a great deal."—Boston Courier.

If you want every man you meet to treat you to a cigar, resolve to quit smoking.—Arlington Globe.

Every hard manufacturer may not succeed, but he "tries" just the same.—Philadelphia Record.

Thousands of new patrons have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for reason, and realized its benefit in blood purified and strength restored.

Are You Troubled With Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Beggs' Little Giant Pills? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennady.

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